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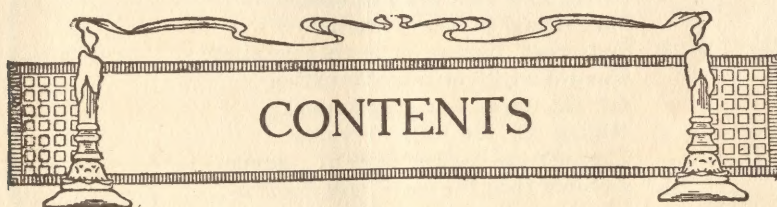
A. M. BURTON, President.

Nashville, Tenn., March 4, 1920.

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The Changing Hills

I have marveled at the changing
Of the hills near Lipscomb College;
Of the hills that are like others—
Uninviting in the winter,
But when Nature calls they're ready
For the striking transformation
Of the trees and vegetation:
Hiding all the ugly features
Through the golden days of summer.
Autumn then the scene transfigures,
Changing leaves to gorgeous colors.
See the maple dressed in yellow,
Gently swayed by chilly breezes;
One by one its leaves departing,
Going back to earth that gave them.
Then I'm lost in meditation.
Why this change that comes so frequent?
Why must all this beauty perish?
Leave the trees again so ghostlike
From the trees that are my wonder,
Trees that now show brightest colors
On the hills near Lipscomb College.
Here's a lesson worth our heeding:
Through the summer's sun and showers
All their branches have grown larger.
Greater beauty in the springtime,
Greater beauty, sweeter fragrance.
So should we while in this college
Strive to make each day a season;
Growing daily, gaining knowledge,
So when college life is over
We may fill the noblest places.

WILLIAM A. CUFF, Calliopean.

from
Comer Shacklett

HAVALIND ACTS

BULLETIN OF DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE

Published every month by a Board of Editors elected from the Calliopean, Sapphonean, Kappa Nu, and Lipscomb Literary Societies.

Terms: \$1.00 per year in advance.

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ALICE CRAIG, *Sapphonean*; MINNIE JORDAN, *Kappa Nu*; A. R. HILL, *Calliopean*; JOE T. PRIESTLEY, *Lipscomb*.

BUSINESS MANAGER

WILLIAM A. CUFF

VOLUME VI

NOVEMBER, 1920

NUMBER 5

Foreword



AIDED and encouraged by our esteemed president and faculty, it has been possible for us to climb up into our dreams, and now we are going to live there by making HAVALIND ACTS a factor in the progress of our school and in our own development, as well as a source of information for those who are not immediately related to the school, but are interested in our work and welfare.

For obvious reasons this first edition will fall short of perfection. New machinery must be oiled and regulated. We are preparing, however, to have the Christmas number measure up to the high standard that can be maintained in an institution of this kind.

CALISANU

OUR SOCIETIES

Among the many contributing factors responsible for the distinguished position David Lipscomb College occupies in its realm of literary attainment is the work done by its various literary societies. For several years after the Nashville Bible School had been founded the students were eligible to membership in only one great fraternity, known as the Babylonian Literary Society.

The good work done by this society will never be forgotten.

Many of its members have had their efforts crowned with fame, honor and success in the various walks of life. When the meetings of the Babylonians grew to be uninteresting and monotonous the leaders in society work decided that friendly rivalry would be an incentive to greater literary development, and the Babylonian Society was discontinued in order that two new societies might be organized in its stead.

In 1904 the young men of the school organized two literary societies, namely the "Caesarian" and the "Calliopean." H. Leo Boles, having been a student at Burrito College and a member of the Calliopean Literary Society at that place, and since becoming a student at the Nashville Bible School (now David Lipscomb College), took the lead in the Calliopean division. After receiving his degree and



MISS MINNIE JORDAN
Editor Kappa Nu Literary
Society

teaching a number of years, he successfully served the institution in the capacity of president for several years.

John T. Lewis, then a student in the school and since that time a successful evangelist, accepted the leadership of the Caesarian division. After one year of creditable work it was decided that the Caesarian Society should be named for the founder of the institution, and since that time it has been known as the Lipscomb Literary Society.

The members of these societies during the many years of their existence have been untiring in their efforts. Filled with a burning zeal and an aspiration to attain higher and more noble things, they have often met in friendly contests on the athletic field, in oratorical contest, and debates. In these contests both victory and defeat have been shared. It can truthfully be said that a majority of the members have high aspirations, with an incentive to work and prepare themselves for greater usefulness in life.

The young ladies' societies also date back to the year 1904, when the "Pullarum Sodalitas" was organized with twenty-four members. After one year's successful work the name was changed to "Sigma Rho," which continued until 1904, when the young ladies also decided that friendly rivalry would encourage even greater effort. Then two new societies came into existence, adopting the names "Kappa Nu" and "Sapphonean."

Among the activities of these societies might be mentioned the numerous tennis contests, but as yet neither society has been able to gain a decided advantage. The reading contests have been of much interest, not only to the students but also to the public. Indeed the "Kappa Nus" and "Sapphoneans" shine in this institution as the "noonday sun on the fields where elemental energies surge through bud and wing and limb, from the inexhaustible fountain of life."

Judging from the programs which have been rendered our literary work for this year will even excel all past achievements. The first program of the year being given by the "Kappa Nus," consisted of a short play, readings

and musical numbers. Among those responsible for the great success of this program were Misses Aileen Bromley, Hortense Green, Millie Sue Williams, "Prue" Kirby, Helen Gardner, and Minnie Jordan.

On November 13th the Calliopeans rendered their program, consisting of quartette selections, cornet solo, dialogue, and other numbers.

On November 20th the Sapphoneans appeared before an appreciative audience, presenting the play, "The Camp-fire Girls." Among the leading characters were Misses Elsie Green, Olga Simpson, Ethel Mai Jones, Emma Lee McPherson, Mildred Austin, Corinne Mann, Ida Mai Owen, and Evelyn Wells.

With much interest we look forward to our next program, which is to be given by the Lipscomb Literary Society. It will also consist of miscellaneous numbers by Messrs. Shearer, Meyers, Dean, Priestley, and others.

A. R. HILL, Calliopean.

"BY THEIR SAYINGS YE SHALL KNOW THEM"

There are some people you must see
While you're in school at D. L. C.
So listen close—give heed to me—
Learn to distinguish the faculty!

"How are you? So glad you are here!"
Are words that first fall on your ear;
Of Avalon Home you're a resident,
The gentleman speaking is your president.

Another appears upon the scene—
Girls, don't flirt—(married!)—he's the dean.
"Do you like your school?" at once he'll say;
"And isn't this a lovely day!"

HAVALIND ACTS

"Mortals are a selective kind"
Now you cannot get mixed this time—
For when these words from man's lips fall
Know you have met Professor Hall.

His jokes are good—always in place—
(The gentleman with the smiling face);
Each day you hear his cheery "Bon Jour."
Yes, indeed, it is Professor Brewer.

What would life be without Cupid?
The greatest would grow dull and stupid.
"Does—er—*she* practice this period?"
It's Joe T. Priestley, 'pon my word!

"I believe I'm a little late today,"
(At every meal these words he'll say.)
Now change his saying if you can—
He is Professor Sam Pittman.

"Close Bibles, keep still if you can!
Now, Roddy, who was the first man?"
Brother Srygley this speaker will be,
And we all love him, as you can see.

"Yes, I came from Alabama,
I'm a full-fledged 'yellow hammer,'
Its praises I shall always sing!"
Thus speaks Professor Russell King.

As running up the halls you go,
"How inelegant!" you'll hear, and so
Be good! walk! hold high your head!
It is our matron—enough said.

MINNIE CAMP, Kappa Nu.

"AN EVENING WITH LEVITZKY"

A large part of the music department of D. L. C., chaperoned by Miss Frances Moody, went over to Ward-Belmont auditorium to hear Mischa Levitzky, an eminent Russian pianist.

His program was in three divisions, each vying with the other to excel in technical display and rhythmical beauty. The numbers in the first division were especially well arranged, being in the form of the old classical sonatas, i.e., a fast piece first, then a slow melodious one, followed by another fast one. The first in this group was Bach's "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue," said to be the most difficult of interpretation. It was a wild, turbulent piece, and was so contrasted with the one which immediately followed it, "A Melody," that it made the latter seem as a lull after a terrific storm. Then he played one of the most beautiful of Bethoven's sonatas, executing the intricate passages in it with the perfect ease of the master.

The second division of the program consisted of four selections from Chopin. The second number of these was two of his "Etudes." One of these, "The Butterfly Etude," called forth such a spontaneous burst of applause that Levitzky repeated it. Its naive and charming harmonies seemed to fill the very air with sweet-scented flowers and fluttering butterflies. After this was his "Waltz in G," and then followed a dashing, crashing "Scherzo," which served as a logical climax to the lighter, more frivolous pieces that had preceded it.

The entertainment ended with three pieces that seemed to be peculiarly suited to the artist's temperament. The first was "In a Three-horse Sleigh," by Tchaikowsky. Levitzky so remarkably interpreted it that he seemed to change the scene of the warm auditorium into one of glistening white snow and pale still moonlight, the quietness of which was only broken now and then by the jingle of the sleigh-bells. The last of this division was a concert arrangement of the popular "Blue Danube Waltz" by Strauss. If a

distinction could be made between such a bevy of beautiful numbers, this would probably be called the most beautiful. Its graceful melodies and easy-flowing harmonies were surpassed only by the wonderful skill that the artist showed in interpreting them. FRANCES BATES, Sapphonean.

SAPPHONEANS ENTERTAIN KAPPA NUS

Although there is a rivalry between the two societies, the Sapphoneans determined that outside the society work there should be no rivalry. To show our friendly spirit it was suggested that we entertain our friends belonging to the Kappa Nu Literary Society. Every one was pleased with the suggestion and preparation began with enthusiasm.

It was decided to give a Hallowe'en party on Friday evening, October 29. The attic in the Girls' Dormitory seemed to be the only available place, and after all the most appropriate for such an occasion. The Sapphoneans labored diligently in order to make it attractive and as successful an affair as possible.

The floor was carpeted with small rugs secured from the various rooms in the dormitory and the walls were decorated with harmonizing colors of the season. Black paper cats and yellow pumpkins hung from the rafters; green leaves and corn stalks were scattered here and there. The electric lights were adorned with suitable shades, and with the aid of several jack-o'-lanterns, the light was just bright enough to give the room a very shaded, dim appearance.

Seven o'clock came and our guests began to arrive. One by one they were introduced to Mr. Brown, the one man to have the honor of being present. He was a very weird-looking Hallowe'en character, who was spoken to, but never spoke. After they had all made the acquaintance of this forlorn, solitary creature, they were given some candy to

(Continued on Page 14)

WISE AND OTHERWISE

During the two months of school just past our chapel exercises have been very instructive. Among the distinguished visitors was Mr. Charles J. Burton, vice-president of the International Christian College at Minneapolis. His lecture on "Astronomy of the Bible," will be long remembered by all who had the good fortune of hearing him.

Besides the faculty addresses, we have been favored with stirring talks from the following visitors: G. W. Riggs, Los Angeles, Cal.; G. A. Dunn, Houston, Tex.; G. C. Brewer, Winchester, Tenn.; R. L. Proffitt of Texas; A. B. Simpson, Morrison, Tenn.; Morgan H. Carter.

* * *

Prof. Hall: "There are some ideas which do not cause us to see an image: love, for instance."

Miss Lynch: "It does with me."

* * *

Danks, Jr., says they are getting into higher criticism at his table.

* * *

The seniors and juniors met in a basketball contest a few days ago. The score was 27 to 7 in favor of the seniors.

* * *

Robert A. Watson won first honors in tennis this year.

ABBREVIATIONS

H stands for Harding Hall.

Ava stands for Avalon Home.

Lind stands for Lindsay Hall.

Acts stands for doings *inter nos*.

\$ stands for the dollar you are sending for lubrication purposes.



An Invitation to Be One of Us



AVAILIND ACTS is strictly a students' publication. It is edited, managed and financed by the student body through chosen representatives from the four literary societies. The main idea of the venture is to keep the public informed about doings at David Lipscomb College. It is intended to be of special interest to all former students and to the parents and friends of those now enrolled. Who can read the pages of this initial number and not be impressed with the fact that our students are making fine progress and are happy in their work? We would deserve failure in the management did we not plan to make our students enjoy their stay with us. That they are enjoying themselves within proper bounds and at the same time making good in their studies is evidenced by the spirit and substance of these Acts. They are neither too prosaic nor yet too gay. They speak of honest achievement as a result of painstaking effort under encouraging auspices. We aim at David Lipscomb College to make the study of the one great Book and of other useful books a delightful occupation instead of drudgery. The chief reason we take a little time to play on the campus is that it may add zest to the work of the class room. The best thing we can say just here for our college is that our students believe in it. They are pulling hard for its advancement.

Those who requested and received a catalog during the summer months were told what we expected to offer at the fall opening. But today we send you a different message. It is an invitation to see what advantages are now being offered daily and to note the splendid progress our students are making. We are emboldened to say, "Ask the student" what is doing in the class room, in the literary societies, and

on the campus. Ask him, or ask her, if you like, whether rules are being enforced and whether good grades are being demanded. Ask, too, whether judgment is tempered with mercy and kindness.

The winter quarter begins Jan. 3, 1921. We have room for a few more students and should like to see them enrolled at the beginning of the second quarter. Under the present system of grading you will receive full credit for every course taken in this quarter and for work done elsewhere. Your time and effort will not be wasted. We have a competent, well-organized faculty, and are prepared to take care of all grades. There are special departments in Music, Art, Expression and Commerce. Come into the busy, healthful and happy atmosphere of this Christian college and help us write Acts that are worth while. The faculty and the students join with the president in this whole-hearted invitation. For catalog containing full information, address A. B. Lipscomb, President, David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tenn.

SAPPHONEANS ENTERTAIN KAPPA NUS

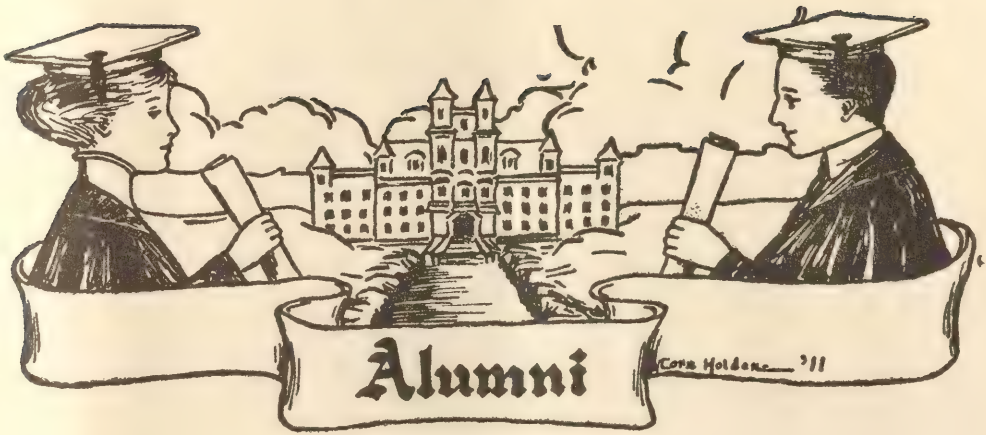
(Continued from Page 11)

pull. If the Kappa Nus weren't stuck up when they came, we know they were before they left.

Games were played, races were run in one way and another. Then Miss Evelyn Wells, dressed as a ghost, told the sad and heart-rending story of the death of Mr. Smith. During this story, parts of his body were passed around—his hand, eyes, hair, teeth, etc. Before she had finished, the ghost of Mr. Smith stood in our midst, and the rattle of his bones caused a still awe to overshadow the party for a time. Some of the Kappa Nus learned their fate from our Gypsy fortune teller, who knew the past, present and future.

Refreshments were served, consisting of gingerbread and iced lemonade, which were enjoyed by one and all. Our friends seemingly enjoyed the evening, and the Sapphoneans felt amply repaid for all their work toward preparation.

ALICE CRAIG, Sapphonean.



With most institutions of learning the "alumnus" is the graduate of days gone by. Common parlance and classical usage agree in this, although originally the word alumnus meant a pupil. Our use of the term is a compromise between the primitive and the current meanings. For two reasons we speak of the alumni of our school as embracing all the students who have ever been enrolled with us.

In the first place, compared with many colleges and universities, this is a young institution, with only about one hundred and seventy-five graduates to its credit, all told.

In the second place, the very democratic character of our college, the moral atmosphere surrounding our student life, and the things for which the school stands, render it proper to embrace all the student body of the past in its alumni roll. Time and again has our college been referred to as a large family, and as such the "babies," as well as the "grown-ups," receive our consideration. As the stream of influence issuing from this institution flows on, ever widening and deepening, we may limit the alumni to the coterie of graduates and postgraduates; but God forbid that we should ever so forget ourselves and the right as to look with disdain upon the undergraduate mass of students. We are interested in all. Our hearts beat for joy at their successes; they ache from sympathy when they fail.

Some of our former students lacking the means and encouragement to "finish college" here or elsewhere have forged ahead and succeeded in life in spite of curtailment of education, while some who did "finish" have been mediocre, or have passed into obscurity.

Many with ambition and favoring circumstances have entered other institutions of classical and technological learning and are now making good.

Peabody College and Vanderbilt University, notably, have attracted many of our young ladies and young men. State universities of Alabama, Colorado, Georgia, Minnesota, Mississippi, Tennessee and Texas have enrolled some, while music and expression schools have drawn upon our alumni. Medical, dental and law departments have put in their claim for a goodly number of N. B. S. and D. L. C. students. A few have even pursued their theological studies in higher institutions.

While these facts give us reason for boasting, it is not that some of the best preachers, lawyers, doctors and business men of the country were once students here that brings the most satisfaction. It is that scattered over many States in our Union are many men and women of sterling moral and religious character, some of the best citizens of our government, and in addition, citizens of the Kingdom of Heaven, who received their lessons of love for God and loyalty to fellowman in our great school.

It is hoped that much interest will be taken in the alumni column of Havalind Acts, and to this end we incite and urge correspondence from the old students, asking for any data that will be of interest to our readers. After this initial number, it is our desire to make personal mention of our old boys and girls.

Address all communications to the Alumni Editor of Havalind Acts, David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tenn.

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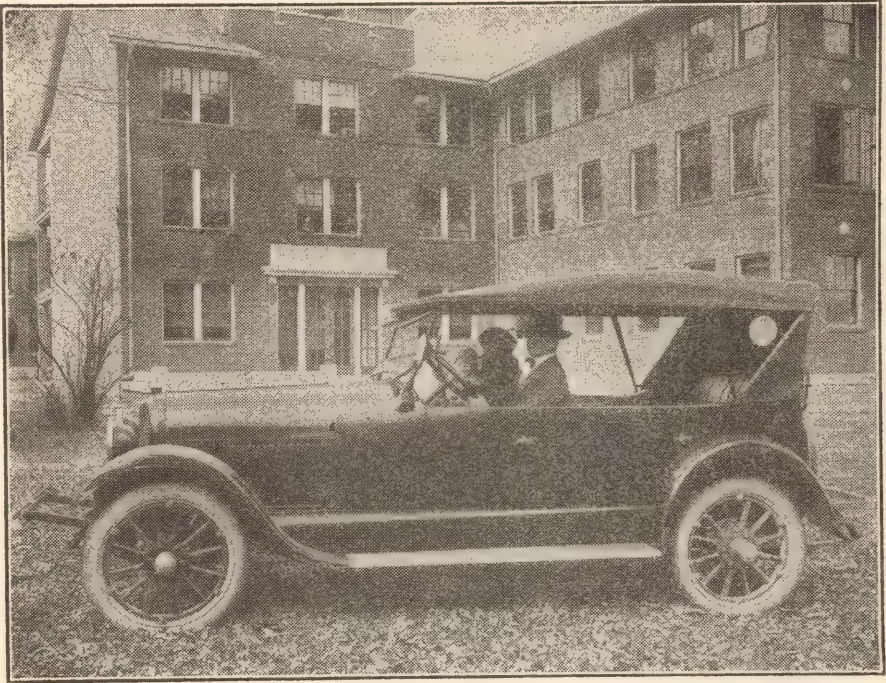
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Yours very truly,

A. M. BURTON, President.

Nashville, Tenn., March 4, 1920.

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Out Where the Dead Folks Live

The moon shines cold and the stars look old,
Out where the dead folks live.
The skies hang bleak, and the dead trees squeak;
There's a muffled sob from the frozen creek,
Out by the hill where the dead folks live.

And the snow comes down on the cold, hard ground,
Out where the dead folks live,
With a silent fall that drifts round all,
Like the spread of a giant funeral pall,
Out on the hill where the dead folks live.

'Neath that shroud so white, many sleep tonight,
Out where the dead folks live;
How still they lie, nor moan, nor cry,
All undisturbed 'neath a stormy sky,
Out on the hill where the dead folks live.

Some day I'll go and be laid low,
Out where the dead folks live;
I shall lay me down, nor faint, nor frown,
While the gentle worms creep me around,
Out on the hill where the dead folks live.

They'll o'er me creep, but I shall sleep
Out where the dead folks live;
No pain, no sigh, for I shall lie
And calmly dream as the years go by,
Out on the hill where the dead folks live.

L'ENVOI

'Twill be my turn to fat the worm
'Neath the wail of sobbing trees;
They'll come and go with movements slow
And—ugh! Oh! Ugh Oh! Oh, Oh, Oh!
Yes, I've been reading E. A. Poe—
Chunk up the fire there, please.

ICHABOD.

HAVALIND ACTS

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BUSINESS MANAGER

WILLIAM A. CUFF

VOLUME VI

DECEMBER, 1920

NUMBER 6

The Home Stretch

"I'm going to my own hearthstone
Bosomed in yon green hill alone."

Days have slipped into weeks and weeks into months, until now the students of D. L. C. are writing the last pages of their record for the first term of 1920-21. And during these last few days conversations have not been confined to the "weather," two other subjects receive equal attention.

First, our final exams are freely discussed, and in some cases, perhaps, the "dis" is omitted.

Then rush in the thoughts of home. A few more days and we join the merry circle at home. While the yule log slowly yields to the glowing flames, the contented smiles of father and mother amply repay us for every endeavor to "go over the top" in our work while separated from them.

To teacher, student and friend, a Merry, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year is the sincere wish of Havalind Acts.

CALISANU

A SUNRISE BREAKFAST

An alarm clock sputtered bright and early one cold morning and sleepy eyes flew open. Exactly ten minutes later six figures softly crept down the stairs and silently filed out into the semi-darkness. Each had a mysterious bundle and spoke never a word as the band stole quietly away from Avalon Home. When they reached the pike, however, their cups of joy seemed to be full and they bubbled over with giggles and a steady flow of chatter. Such a happy group has never yet been seen. Some even dared to vie with the birds in song. Though scary shadows shook their fists and a fierce dog barked, these brave spirits were not daunted but fairly skimmed along as if on air.

At last they began to come into the hill country. A great bald hill frowned on one side and another hill just a little farther on smiled down upon the swiftly moving figures. They followed a winding trail and finally came to a beautiful lake sleeping peacefully in the hollow of the hills. The band went into ecstasies of joy and stood spellbound gazing at the lovely scene. But streaks of rose and gold began to appear over the hills and reminded them that they must be about their business. Dry leaves and sticks were speedily gathered and the mysterious bundles opened. Soon delicious



MISS ELSIE GREEN
Sapphonean

odors of coffee and bacon began to rise with the campfire smoke. Without any ceremony a famished group began to satisfy keen appetites just as "Old Sol" came over the hills in all his glory and smiled a happy good morning.

Evelyn: "Quit dropping all that bread in the fire, Delno, I want some." Sue: "Here's your tenth cup of coffee, Hooper, think that will be enough?" Miss Hooper: "Gimme that sugar and hush." Delno: "Any more butter over there? It all runs off my toast." Nellie Miller: "I burned every bit of my bacon, but it's good just the same." Ferrell: "I'd have a wonderful time if this old smoke would stay out of my eyes!"

Listen, and I'll tell you the panacea for all ills, whether it be the blues, rheumatism, hydrophobia, chickenpox, or lovesickness. Just take a nine-mile hike some morning and you will either be cured or killed. Try it.

PRUE.

FACE VALUE

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." As the face is the show window for one's stock of beauty we are all agreed that the subject, "Face Value," is one of great importance. The universal importance of this subject is further attested by the monstrous business carried on in powders, pastes, eye-brow pencils, wigs, false teeth, and glass eyes.

Face value is not always the intrinsic worth of a person or thing, sometimes they are above par, then again they are below par. For instance, a bald headed man is hardly ever as pessimistic as the length of his face would indicate, while on the other hand a chicken is a creature with a very small, narrow face, yet he is 100 per cent of everything he represents, especially to a preacher.

As another illustration we notice that the name Zhan-teppe, notwithstanding all her cosmetics and other accessories of beauty culture, has come down to us as a synonym for a typical scold, while the name of her homely husband

is revered for his amiable disposition, his purity of that—a depth of soul.

Love of country and real bravery have caused thousands of our boys to face the powder, while love of vanity and cowardness have led thousands of our girls to powder the face.

I say cowardice because experience requires real bravery to go up against the world with a face that looks like it had worn out several bodies.

Solomon, the wise man, did not say “as a man massages his face and powders his nose so it be,” but he said, “As a man thinketh in his heart so is he.”

Now, it is not my purpose to start a crusade against making up; on the other hand, if any couple has sustained a rupture of diplomatic relations I would advise them by all means to make up at once.

The point I would impress upon the reader is that a room might be kalsomined and otherwise beautifully decorated and for other reasons be hopelessly vacant, and if it remains untenanted it will of necessity become dilapidated sooner or later.

When one has joy in his life and a brotherly feeling for humanity as he passes along the street many strangers will seem to recognize him and speak, while one who nurses a grouch is shunned by everybody. Meet the world with a smile and you will be greeted pleasantly. An old adage says smile and the world smiles with you, snore and you sleep alone. Carry a smile home with you and show the folks that your time has been well spent at D. L. C.

A STUDENT AT GRAND OPERA

On Friday night, December 10, the Junior Class had the pleasure of hearing *Carmen* at the Ryman Auditorium. The opera was presented by Creatore's Grand Opera Company, under the personal direction of the famous conductor himself. It was a rare treat to the juniors, but some of them were ignorant of the story and as a result the acting was

unintelligible to them. The following conversation represents two of the boys discussing the opera:

"Say, how did you like that singing last night?"

"Oh, I didn't get much out of it. I didn't know what they were up to, nor what they were talking about."

"Well, you see, it was this way, that girl Carmen, she worked in a cigarette factory and this soldier, Don Josie, was stationed there as a kind of traffic officer. Well, Carmen came out and sang to them and all the men seemed crazy about her except the soldier."

"Now wasn't he uppish? He didn't pay no attention to her at all."

"Yes, but she soon had him where she could lead him by the nose. After she left, don't you remember he picked up her flower and kept it? Well it wasn't long before Carmen got into a fight and he had to arrest her."

"Was that when she nearly snatched the other girl bald-headed?"

"Yes, and he tied her hands so he could take her to jail. But she made love to him so he would let her go. She kissed him!"

"Kissed him? I thought she bit him on the neck."

"No, child, she kissed him; and he let her get away. Then she joined a band of bootleggers and hoodwinked him into it also. That's when he got into that fracas with the captain. Didn't he chaw him up, though? But it wasn't long before that Escamilla fellow came along; he was that bull-fighter, you know, and she fell in love with him. That got Josie all riled up and he went for her with his knife."

"Is that where he carved on her right there at the last?"

"Exactly."

"Well, them fiddles and horns made so much fuss I couldn't hear half they said."

"Well, you couldn't understand them anyway, for they were singing in French."

"You say they were! Gee, I'm like A. R. Hill, I wish I had my \$5.00 back."

AN ELEVEN-O'CLOCK CORN POPPING

It was Saturday night and "the Royal Six" were gathered together in Room Number 24. Oh, for something to do! But not long did we wish for something, for "Tight Eye" burst forth: "Say, girls, there's some popcorn in the basement. Let's go and pop it." Not one declined the invitation. There was only one obstacle and that was getting the consent of Mrs. Temple. But that was soon removed, for meek and timid little Elsie and Hortense summoned all their courage together and went to ask her.

"Oh, yes, that is all right if you will not sit up too late." Once in the basement we closed the door and all was dark, but Corinne thought that was too much and ventured to turn on a light. Now for the popcorn. "Oh, where could it be! Yes, there it is over the rafter." "Who can reach it?" cried all. "Oh, Hortense, you are the tallest, come and get it." So we stirred up a little fire in the furnace, and shelled the corn.

"Who is going to pop the first popper?" Well, no one knew how to pop it except Corinne, and she did pop it (?). You may have eaten white popcorn, but we ate black. The next was popped by "Tight Eye" and it was pretty and white. But Millie Sue thought she was the champion. Popcorn never was good without salt, but no one would dare to go to the kitchen. However, after much persuasion "Brownlie and Elsie went.

We finished the corn and were ready to leave when we discovered the fire had to be banked. This done we left the basement. We went to our rooms, but the water was cut off, of course. Our hands were not dirty, but we thought we'd like to wash them. There was no water except on first floor. While on the first floor we heard the faint echo of a well-known sound, "Lights out, girls." We went quietly to our rooms and went to bed.

SWESSIE.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

To hate one thing is to love its opposite. Therefore, the best way to learn to abhor sin is to love God with the whole heart.

* * *

F-I-N-A-L spells final; E-X-A-M-S spells exams, and O M-Y spells O, my! We suggest the following text for the teachers: "Mercy glories against judgment."

* * *

At the last meeting of the editorial staff the following document was found on the library table:

"I am sorry, please forgive me one more time."

And the reply, "Darling, I love you and forgive you," or in Bible language, "Joseph lifted up his voice and wept."

* * *

Prof. Hall: "Where is the spark plug?"

Bright Student: "In the carbureter."

* * *

Mrs. Neely: "What became of Cain and Abel?"

Lovell: Cain killed Abel and God sent Cain abroad."

* * *

Prof. Lipscomb: "What is an example of fats?"

Promising Student: "Lean meat."

* * *

Mr. Lipscomb at the Fanning school spoke of the beautiful sunsets.

"Oh!" exclaimed "Tight," who was visiting there, "you should have seen the one we had yesterday morning."

* * *

Prof. Pittman: "Next, Miss—uh—Miss—Miss—Cr—Craig. I am going to change your name, it is too hard to remember.

Prof. Kennomer (after writing Agricola on the board):
 "Now what do we learn by observing that word, Miss
 Lena?"

Miss Lena: "That it has a vowel in the last syllable."

* * *

Prof. Hall: "If a 'd' on a dollar means that it was made
 in Denver and an 'o' in New Orleans, what does no letter
 at all mean?"

Voice from audience: "Counterfeit."

* * *

Miss Haile (discussing Senior privileges): "I would
 come back next year if I could be a Senior."

Miss McPherson: "Just for the fun of it?"

Miss Holland: "No, for the Dunn of it."

* * *

The following pupils of the Piano, Voice, and Expression
 Departments gave a very interesting program in the Chapel
 Hall Saturday evening, December 11: Mr. Norman Parks,
 Misses Frances Bates, Nellie Miller Wells, Edith Marshall,
 Electa Smith, Mamie Durrance, Charline Trinum, Annie
 Mae Fulner, Hortense Greer and Elisabeth Pettus.

* * *

As prophesied, there was a complete annihilation when
 the juniors met the day students in a basketball game, but
 strange as it may seem, the result was a reverse of the
 prophecy, the score being 16 to 6 in favor of the day
 students. The line-up follows:

Day Students	Juniors
Kennamer	E. Dunn
Yeagley	Dilworth
Cotton	Hill
Stubblefield	G. Dunn
Leak	Lillie

Summary—Field goals, Cotton 4, Yeagley 1, Kennamer
 2, E. Dunn 1, Dilworth 1. Foul goals—Dilworth 2, Yeag-
 ley 1, Cotton 1. Substitutes—Parks for Hill, Hill for Parks.



EVANGELS

The congregation at D. L. C. enjoyed two excellent sermons delivered by Russell S. King, Sunday, December 12.

* * *

E. D. Shelton filled his regular monthly appointment at Centreville the second Sunday.

* * *

J. R. Stroop preached at Jones Avenue Sunday morning and evening.

* * *

The church at Chapel Hill was favored by a discourse Sunday morning by A. R. Hill.

* * *

Jas. J. Reynolds preached at Corder's Cross Roads the first Sunday and secured a regular monthly appointment for that Sunday.

* * *

Noel B. Cuff preached Sunday morning at Strickland Avenue, Sunday afternoon at New Shops, and again at Strickland Sunday evening.



Our President's Message



HE president and other members of the faculty wish for the student body a joyful time during the brief interim of the Christmas holidays. During the three months of our intimate association in the class rooms, chapel and dormitories we have learned to know each other better than we did on the opening day. Greater knowledge in this respect should inspire a greater friendship and a mutual confidence. Such friendship and confidence will be translated into a greater helpfulness during the second quarter. Those who have attended the college in past years will testify that the second quarter is always more fruitful than the first, and on the same principle, the third will be better than the second. It will mark the climax of the year's work. If it be true that the teachers have during the present quarter learned the strong points and the weaknesses of the students, it is none the less true that the students have also sized up their teachers, both as to virtues and to defects. We know now how to make allowances, how to be forbearing, how to strengthen one another, how to profit by the knowledge already gained.

THE GLORY OF GOING ON

To make a success of your education you must go on. There is no doubt that we must go on. We cannot stop ourselves from going on if we would. "Move on!" says the policeman to the man who would stop on the busy street. "Go on!" says the world to all alike. Some go on with dread, some with misery, some with joy. But there is glory in going on! That ought to make every student look up in anticipation; that ought to put a sky into every landscape

of life; that ought to be the sunrise of every human being on earth.

The explorer is the finder. What glory came to Israel when she went forward! What fame came to Columbus and Peary for going on! The trier blasts away the rocks and finds gold. Exploring the earth brings the diamond to the surface. Edison found glory in going on. Trying is finding.

The seeker is the glorious receiver. The worker is the getter. The glory of going on will test our mettle. It will put some great tasks upon us. But tasks make mighty men. Moses, Joshua, Gideon, Elijah and Paul were made by their tasks. Roosevelt was made by the tasks that were put upon him. They brought out the will, the integrity of the man. Not to have tasks is to be ordinary men. Steel is made by going through the fire; gold is found by the purifying process of heat, and manhood is chiseled out through strokes of opposition and friction.

David Lipscomb College would not be true to the great purpose of its founded if it did not go on. And it will go on to higher and better things. God wills every member of the faculty will be in his place on Monday, January 3, 1921, to welcome you back to your college. There is the promise of several new students. But remember, we are counting upon you. As a parting word your president suggests that "he starts the New Year best who keeps faith with the old."

The present period is the acid test: the soul-trying moment that is going to discover the big men, the men of faith, of courage, of originality, of staying power. Let us help you do your part.



It gives us pleasure to know that those who came here in former days believe in the Bible School idea. As evidence of this we point to other schools of similar nature that have sprung up in recent years. Almost every other such school in the land was begun by the alumni of David Lipscomb College. Some of these colleges have been short lived, not, however, because those who taught lost faith in the work, but because financially they were unable to continue. On the other hand, others have prospered and have even outgrown the original Alma Mater. But so long as they have the same spirit and ideals that were fostered in the Nashville Bible School we can sincerely say "God speed the work."

One of the most progressive schools of this type is Abilene Christian College, Abilene, Texas. It is gratifying to know that many of our alumni are connected with the work there, both as teachers and as students. Of the faculty, Batseel Baxter, R. C. Bell, C. P. Poole, and Sewell Jones were all former students of D. L. C. Calvin Dean, our saluatorian of 1920, is a student at A. C. C.

Harper College, Harper, Kans., has also drawn upon our alumni for its teaching force. The president, J. N. Armstrong, his wife, D. L. Cooper, John Gill, Dorothy Pittman, Cecil Gardner, all went out from our school.

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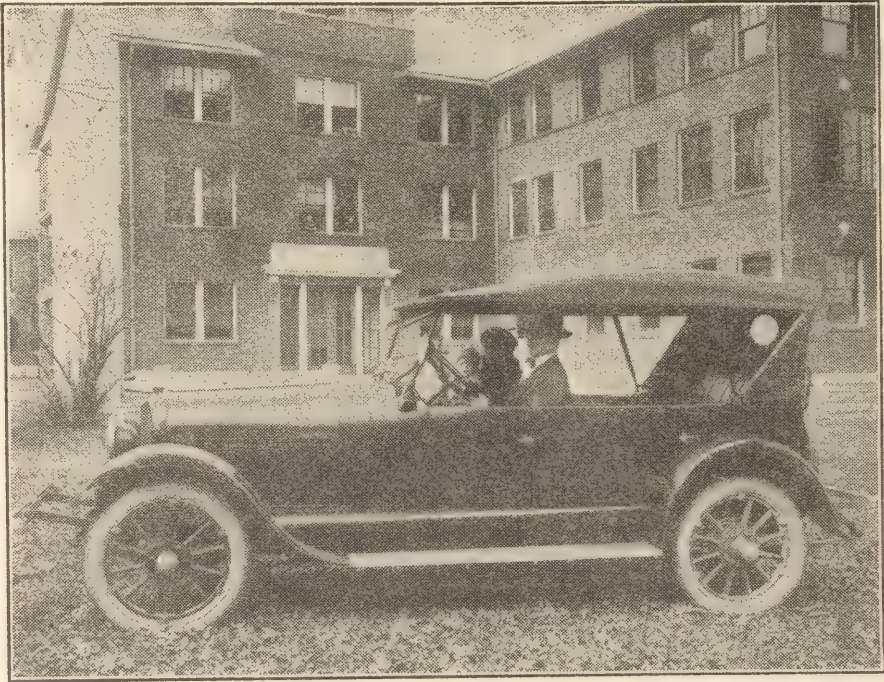
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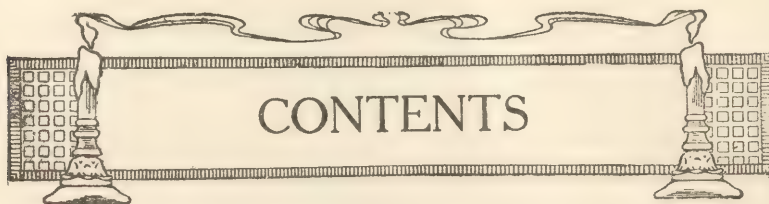
A. M. BURTON, President.

Nashville, Tenn., March 4, 1920.

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Where friends galore crowd sunny days,
But raven like when brighter rays
Are seen beyond the ark's abode,
They ne'er return to ease our load;
From them, and pensive thoughts to heights
Where nature grand the soul delights
Let's go. Out there sweet peace abides
And Southern moon in grandeur rides
On fleecy clouds that float o'er all—
The bay so wide, the trees so tall.
E'en the shadows that lurk below
The wishing bridge assist the flow
Of tireless brook that seems to sing
A song of peace from distant spring.
Let all the world in madness rush,
But on that bridge mid solemn hush
Our only wish will be a life
Amid such peace, away from strife.

KELDERMEESTER.

HAVALIND ACTS

BULLETIN OF DAVID LIPSCOMB COLLEGE

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BUSINESS MANAGER

WILLIAM A. CUFF

VOLUME VI

JANUARY, 1921

NUMBER 7

Coming Men

When we see precocious young men who devour literature with a voracious appetite, or whose oratory seems to be a gift from the gods, we say they are Coming Men. They are likely to come into great things in their own line. They will be very distinguished. And when in after years we see our prophecy fulfilled we say, "Yes, they have come to their own at last."

But there is a greater and grander sense in which we may be Coming Men, and do more for the world than merely attain wealth, fame and honor. There are but few in all the masses of humanity who will be coming men in that sense. But we all may be God's Coming Men. If we walk in the narrow pathway, we shall at last come to His kingdom. If we desire riches, we only have to do God's will, and we shall have great treasures in heaven. If greatness is the desire of our heart, it may be realized by our becoming the servants of all, even as Christ was.

Many of the young men in our college are preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ, that they may help in enlarging God's kingdom on earth. They will do service to humanity, and they are the type of Coming Men the world needs.

CALISANU

A THOUGHT FOR YOU

We are all glad that we are back in school, and to those who are here for the first time we are more than glad to welcome you into one of the foremost Christian colleges of the South. It is a predestined fact that an organization, club or society is only as strong as those who make up the membership of the body. Now let us all get "harnessed" with the various organizations, lend a helping hand, and help out wherever we can.

For any organization or institution to have power, it must have advocates who are "boosters" at all times; it must have solidarity, which creates love one toward another; and it must make favorable opportunities at which each member may have a chance to express his or her ideas enthusiastically.

No institution can appreciate very satisfactorily those who have a tendency to be "knockers" instead of "boosters." Of course, sometimes a pessimist may be all right, but as a general rule he is forever finding fault with the faculty, grumbling about the "eats," and at the same time acting the part of a gormandizer; or, telling of schools "just over the way" which are far superior to the one which he is now in. But, on the other hand, an institution is benefited by the optimist. He "boosts" instead of "rides." Let us be pro-



JOE T. PRIESTLEY
Editor Lipscomb Literary
Society

attended to, a cake was brought from the depths of a trunk. Meats were brought from the clothes closet. An electric grill, sugar, butter, nuts and pickles were brought from their hiding place under the bed. The six girls sat in a circle around the grill. Their hair, instead of being tangled over their ears, was brushed and braided. All traces of paint and powder had been removed. The varied hues of the kimonos and the flickering of the candle helped to pervade the room with an air of repressed joy and smothered giggles. While the conglomeration of sugar, milk, butter and nuts boiled itself into candy, the girls taking turn about told of their love affairs. The fusses, the quarrels and the "making ups" were vividly portrayed by the youthful heroines.

The cake, meat, pickles and candy finally disappeared, although with some effort. The merry crowd were putting away the remnants of the feast and congratulating themselves on being so lucky as to escape detection, when quick footsteps were heard. A wave of fear swept over the group. A figure with a stern face was framed in the doorway the occasion for expressing our best thoughts.

"AUNT MAG"

Each Sunday morning and each prayer meeting evening a thin, wrinkled, little lady dressed in black comes into the chapel of Harding Hall and sits calmly in a chair placed for her on one side of the door. This little lady is known affectionately to most of us as "Aunt Mag" Lipscomb, and she is the guardian saint of our morals. Like the angels, she rejoices over one that believes, but the misdeeds of any of the young Christians in school always cause her sorrow.

Not only is she active in church work, but in her own home she is always busy with something useful. In all her ways, both at home and abroad, she sets us such an example

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JOE T. PRIESTLEY
Editor Linscomb Literary

A FEAST

"Lights out, girls!" had resounded through the halls. A girlish figure dashed down the hall and almost ran over the speaker—the matron. "Pardon me, please. Yes'm, I'm going straight to my room. I have been studying 'trig' with Ruby." She threw more than one cursory glance over her shoulder as she glided in the door. A few minutes later two figures scampered down the hall. A door opened, two shadows cautiously slipped down the corridor. Soon the "six" were in room No. 28 on third floor in Avalon Home.

The door was securely fastened (so they thought). The shades were tightly drawn and made stationary by books being placed on the sill. When these proceedings had been

attended to, a cake was brought from the depths of a trunk. Meats were brought from the clothes closet. An electric grill, sugar, butter, nuts and pickles were brought from their hiding place under the bed. The six girls sat in a circle around the grill. Their hair, instead of being tangled over their ears, was brushed and braided. All traces of paint and powder had been removed. The varied hues of the kimonos and the flickering of the candle helped to pervade the room with an air of repressed joy and smothered giggles. While the conglomeration of sugar, milk, butter and nuts boiled itself into candy, the girls taking turn about told of their love affairs. The fusses, the quarrels and the "making ups" were vividly portrayed by the youthful heroines.

The cake, meat, pickles and candy finally disappeared, although with some effort. The merry crowd were putting away the remnants of the feast and congratulating themselves on being so lucky as to escape detection, when quick footsteps were heard. A wave of fear swept over the group. A figure with a stern face was framed in the doorway. A commanding voice rang out, "Girls, this is absurd! I did not think that you would commit such a crime. Meet me in the president's office in the morning at ten o'clock." The form disappeared. The quick footsteps were heard as they grew fainter and fainter and finally inaudible. The girls sat for a few moments as if made of stone. They had no desire to laugh or giggle. All the fun had been driven away by that ghastly figure. The girls silently and with few "good-nights" tiptoed to their own rooms.

The meeting was held in the office as had been ordered the night before. What happened only a few knew, but all the girls in the dormitory are wondering why six girls have not been to the city in over two weeks, and why the same six girls have taken such a deep regard for Milton's "Paradise Lost," that they are memorizing great portions of it.

HAVALIND ACTS

SAD BUT TRUE

As Iva Wobble went down the street
A billy goat she chanced to meet.
She did not know which way to go
Because that billy scared her so.
She first looked east and then looked west,
But could not tell which way was best.
The billy goat kept drawing near,
The moments they were growing dear;
She turned and down the road she fled,
While billy straight behind her sped.
When someone came to give her aid
On her the goat had made a raid.
It took five men to lift the load
That her two feet carried up the road.

P. A. L.

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE SPEAKS TO STUDENTS
OF D. L. C.

On the evening of January 8th, John Trotwood Moore, our author-neighbor, delivered a miscellaneous program in the chapel of the David Lipscomb College to a large audience. The program consisted of poems, stories, jokes and historical sketches of the lives of Andrew Jackson and Sam Davis.

Mr. Moore emphasized some of the ideals and phases of character that have made Tennessee famous in history and song. He interpreted Tennessee literature in the light of the background and environment that gave it birth. He made us appreciate our state more than we ever did and also these noble men that have lived before us and gave their lives for our country.

After the program the students were given an opportunity to shake hands with Mr. Moore, and he gave us a cordial invitation to visit him in his home.

EVANGELS

It was announced that Bro. E. A. Elam would begin a few days' meeting at D. L. C. the first of next week.

* * *

A. R. Hill filled his regular appointment at Whites Creek the third Sunday.

* * *

J. J. Reynolds preached morning and evening at Flat Rock last Sunday, January 16.

* * *

Noel B. Cuff filled his appointment at Jones Avenue the third Sunday.

* * *

William Hale preached Sunday morning, January 9, at Fifth Street.

* * *

S. M. Spears filled his regular appointment at Number 1, near Gallatin, Tenn., the third Sunday.

* * *

J. R. Stroop preached the third Sunday at Midway, Tenn.

* * *

Three boys obeyed the gospel at our last prayer meeting service.

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WISE AND OTHERWISE

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as the faculty see us!"

* * *

JUNIOR ENGLISH SWAN SONG

Lessons may come and lessons may go;
But Brewer's weekly themes go on forever.

By THE AUTHOR.

* * *

Mr. Myer walked into the office one day and was looking so intently at the office equipment that he said, "Is the bean dizzy?" Instead of, "Is the dean busy?"

* * *

A great discovery has been made known to the public through the organization known as the "Ear Club," namely, that a few young ladies have ears. The candidates for the presidency will be acknowledged when said applicants have achieved the distinction of being able to wiggle the ears.

* * *

"Dot" had been "stuffing" for exams, and as she entered the room with another book in her hand, and eating, too, Mary asked:

"What are you stuffing on now?"

"Biscuit," Dot replied.

* * *

After due consideration, the faculty issued a challenge to the senior class that contained these words: "We challenge the seniors for a game of volley ball to be played as soon as you boys can sum up enough courage to play us."

One afternoon as the sun sent his smiling rays down upon us, the game began and continued until the shades of night were enchanting us. The blood-stained eyes of the

faculty were soon washed with tears of defeat. The seniors went over the top, winning three games out of four. As the faculty marched slowly under the net, trees refused to clap their hands. They only drooped their heads in a disappointed way, as though they were saying, "Even the faculty must pass this way."

Then in a subdued tone these words came forth: "Even these must live and learn."

* * *

"NOT YELLOW," BUT RED.

The seniors tread beneath their feet the statement of one of the day students, "They are yellow." The seniors and day students each fought for victory January 6, the score being 25 to 11 in favor of the seniors. The line-up:

Seniors.	Position.	Day Students.
Senter	Right Forward	Yeagley
Shearer	Left Forward	Cotton
Watson	Center	Jones
Stroop	Right Guard	Kenamer
Boswell	Left Guard	Leek

Summary: Field Goals—Senter 1, G. Dunn 1, Shearer 3, Watson 3, Boswell 4, Yeagley 3, Jones 1. Foul Goals—Watson 1, Yeagley 3.

Substitutes: George Dunn, senior; Perry, day student.

* * *

We were favored last Saturday evening with a splendid lecture by Brother Trice on the subject of archaeology, in which he dealt principally with Egyptian hieroglyphics. The lecture was of special interest to those who publicly proclaim the word of God, for they were better prepared to meet some of the arguments advanced by the so-called higher critics.

* * *

Nearly sixty of the students heard Mme. Tetrzzini sing at the auditorium on January 20.

* * *

The Day Students Council has been organized with more than forty strong. Marshall Dennison is the first president.

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